What wicked and diſſembling glaſſe of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermias* ſphery eyne?
But who is here, *Lyſander* on the grouud?
Dead or aſleepe? I ſee no blood, no wound,
Lyſander, if you liue, good ſir awake.
Lyſ. And run through fire I will for thy ſweet ſake.
Tranſparant *Helena*, nature ſhewes arte,
That through thy boſome makes me ſee thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſword!
Hel. Do not ſay ſo *Lyſander*, ſay not ſo:
What though he loue your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?
Yet *Hermia* ſtill loues you; then be content.
Lyſ. Content with *Hermia*? No, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her haue ſpent.
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I loue;
Who will not change a Rauen for a Doue?
The will of man is by his reaſon ſwai'd:
And reaſon ſaies you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe vntill their ſeaſon;
So I being young, till now ripe not to reaſon,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reaſon becomes the Marſhall to my will,
And leads me to your eyes, where I orelooke
Loues ſtories, written in Loues richeſt booke.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When at your hands did I deſerue this ſcorne?
Iſt not enough, iſt not enough, young man,
That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,
Deſerue a ſweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficency?
Good troth you do me wrong (good-ſooth you do)
In ſuch diſdainfull manner, me to wooe.
But fare you well; perforce I muſt confeſſe,
I thought you Lord of more true gentleneſſe.

Oh,

Oh, that a Lady of
Should of another
Lyſ. She ſees not
And neuer maiſt th
For as a ſurfet of th
The deepeſt loathin
Or as the hereſies t
Are hated moſt of
So thou, my ſurfet,
Of all be hated; bu
And all my powers
To honour *Helen*, a
Her. Helpe me
To plucke this craw
Aye me, for pitty;
Lyſander looke, how
Me-thought a ſerpe
And you ſat ſmiling
Lyſander, what remo
What, out of hearin
Alacke where are y
Speake of all loues
No, then I well perc
Eyther death or you

Bot. Are we all
Quin. Pat, pat, a
for our rehearſall. T
hauthorne brake ou
tion, as we will do i
Bot. Peter quinc
Peter. What ſaiſt
Bot. There are
Thisby, that will ne
ſword to kill himſe